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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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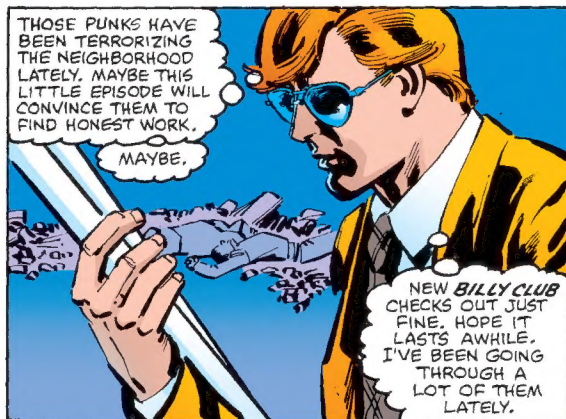
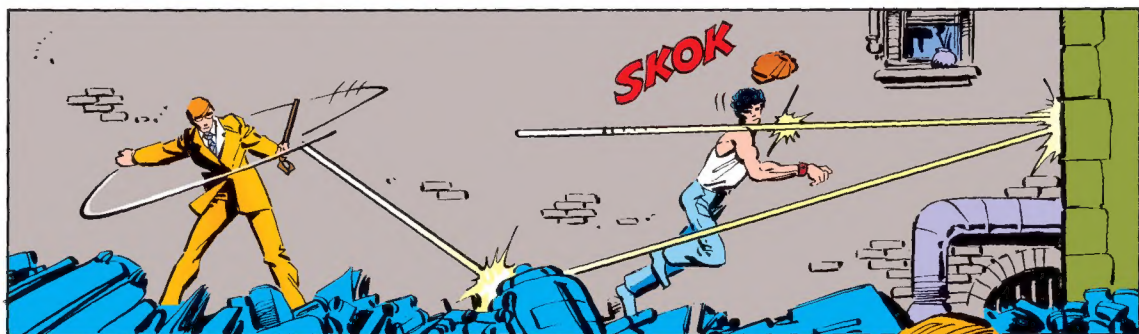
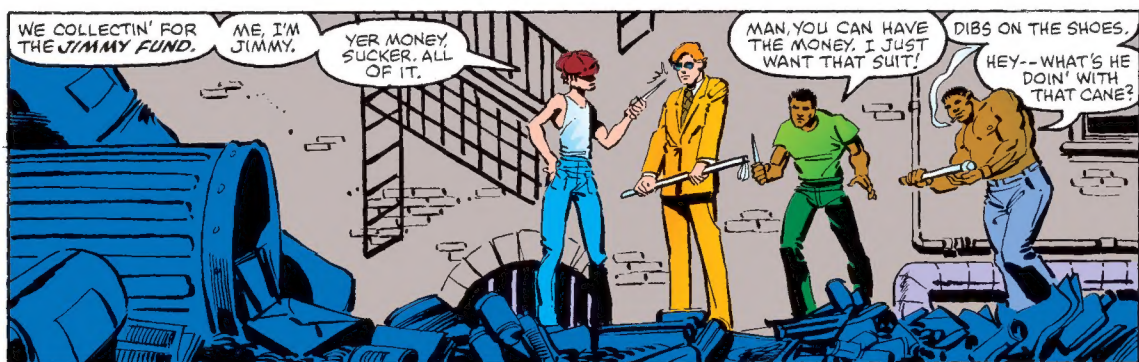


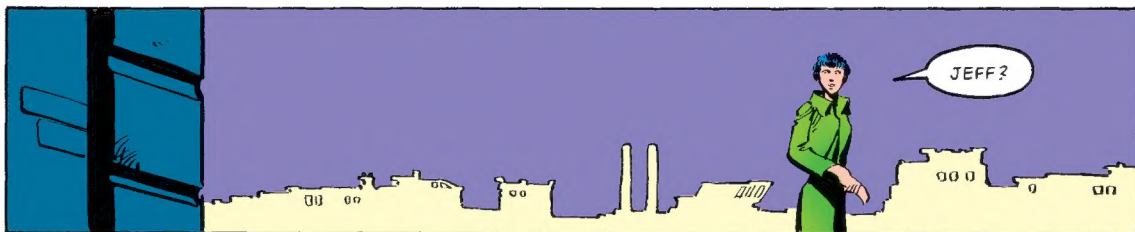
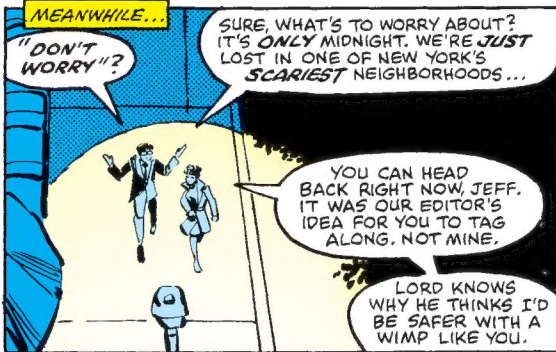
DAREDEVIL®

...GOES **BERSERK**











BAD GIRL.
SHOULDN'T
HAVE
SCREAMED.

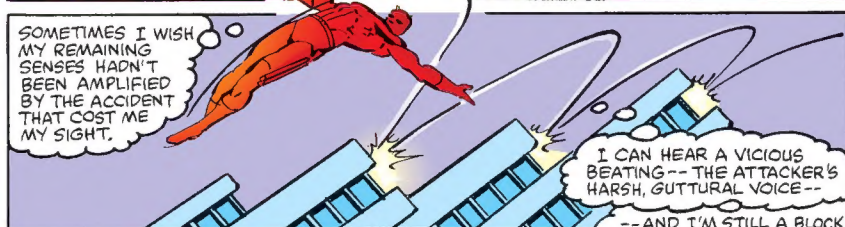


DIDN'T NEED MY
SUPER-SENSITIVE
HEARING TO PICK UP
THAT SCREAM.

IT'S A WOMAN--
IN TROUBLE--
THREE BLOCKS AWAY.



HAVE TO
PUNISH
YOU.



SOMETIMES I WISH
MY REMAINING
SENSES HADN'T
BEEN AMPLIFIED
BY THE ACCIDENT
THAT COST ME
MY SIGHT.

I CAN HEAR A VICIOUS
BEATING-- THE ATTACKER'S
HARSH, GUTTURAL VOICE--

--AND I'M STILL A BLOCK
AWAY FROM DOING ANY-
THING ABOUT IT!

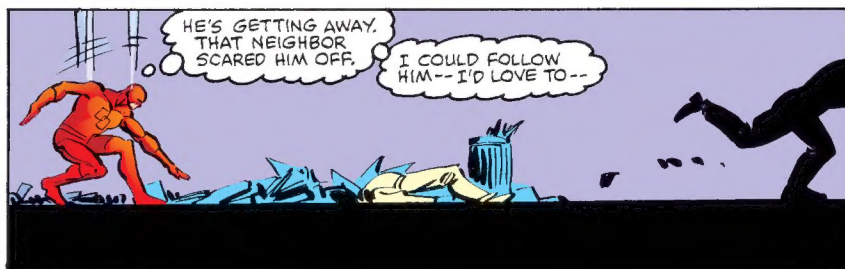


DOWN
THERE!
IT'S
AWFUL!



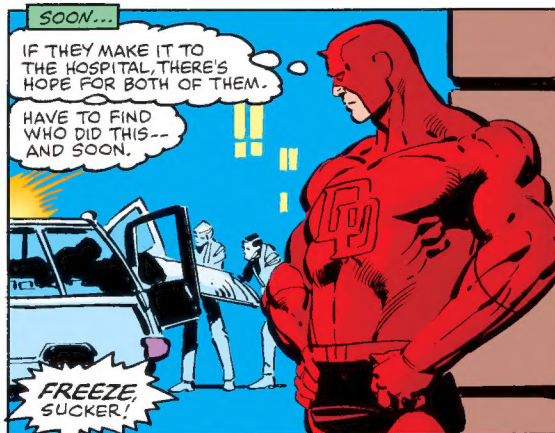
PLEASE--
HE'S
KILLING
HER!

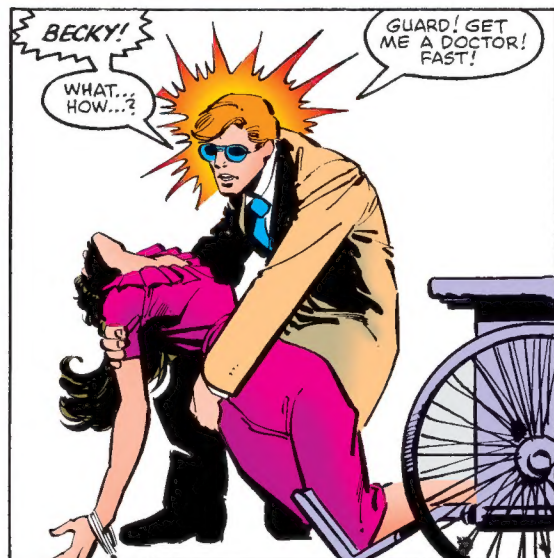
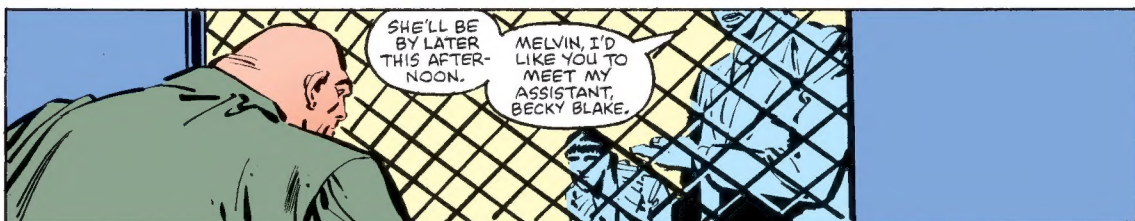
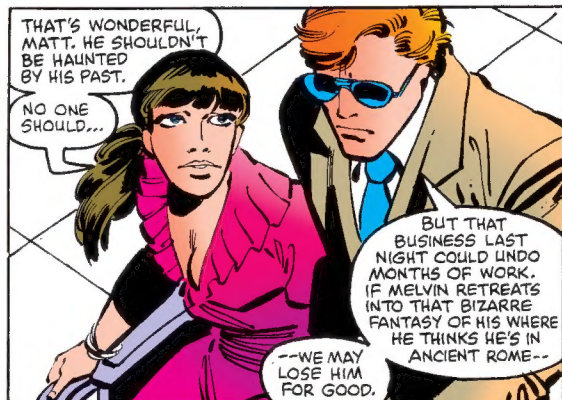
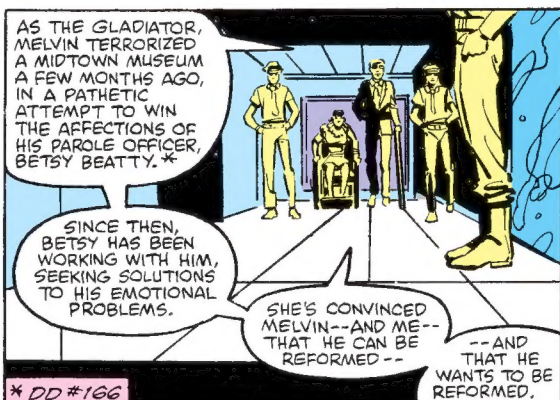
SOMEONE--
PLEASE!



HE'S GETTING AWAY.
THAT NEIGHBOR
SCARED HIM OFF.

I COULD FOLLOW
HIM-- I'D LOVE TO--



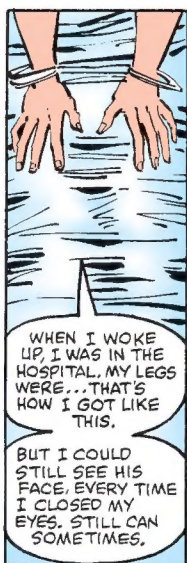






I SCRATCHED AT HIS FACE, AND THE MASK CAME OFF, AND I SAW HIM. THEN HE STARTED HITTING ME, ALL OVER.

I WANTED TO DIE, MATT. I REALLY DID.



WHEN I WOKE UP, I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL. MY LEGS WERE... THAT'S HOW I GOT LIKE THIS.

BUT I COULD STILL SEE HIS FACE, EVERY TIME I CLOSED MY EYES. STILL CAN SOMETIMES.



MATT, IT WAS HIM. YOUR CLIENT.

HE COULDN'T HAVE...

DO YOU THINK I'D FORGET? AFTER HE... WHAT DID THE POLICE DO?



BECKY?



I DIDN'T TELL THEM, MATT. I TOLD THEM I DIDN'T REMEMBER.



WHAT?

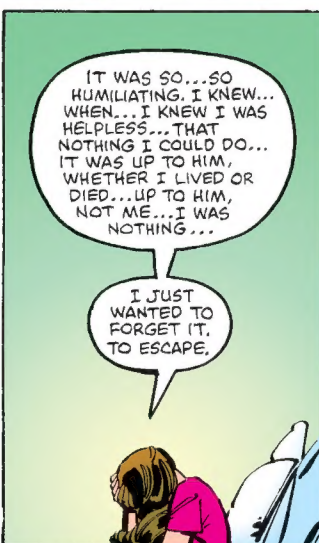
YOU DIDN'T REPORT IT?



YOU--YOU WORK FOR ME--AND YOU DIDN'T REPORT A CRIME LIKE THAT?

DON'T TRY TO JUDGE ME, MATT.

YOU JUST DON'T KNOW...



IT WAS SO...SO HUMILIATING. I KNEW... WHEN... I KNEW I WAS HELPLESS... THAT NOTHING I COULD DO... IT WAS UP TO HIM, WHETHER I LIVED OR DIED... UP TO HIM, NOT ME... I WAS NOTHING...

I JUST WANTED TO FORGET IT. TO ESCAPE.



WHAT ABOUT HIS OTHER VICTIMS? YOU PROBABLY WEREN'T THE ONLY ONE.

DON'T REPROACH ME, MATT.

YOU LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT!

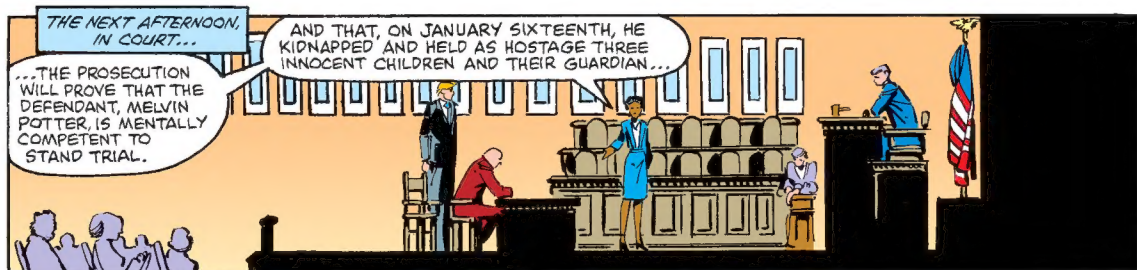
MATT--DON'T--



BUT YOU...

LEAVE ME ALONE! GET OUT OF HERE! JUST GET-- GET OUT OF HERE!





THE NEXT AFTERNOON,
IN COURT...

...THE PROSECUTION
WILL PROVE THAT THE
DEFENDANT, MELVIN
POTTER, IS MENTALLY
COMPETENT TO
STAND TRIAL.

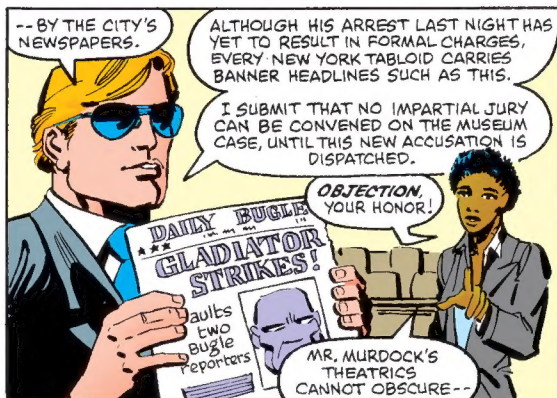
AND THAT, ON JANUARY SIXTEENTH, HE
KIDNAPPED AND HELD AS HOSTAGE THREE
INNOCENT CHILDREN AND THEIR GUARDIAN...



...THAT HE DID IN FACT
MURDER A MUSEUM GUARD,
AND PERMANENTLY CRIPPLE
THE MUSEUM'S CURATOR.

YOUR HONOR, MS. LAVENDER
HAS DETAILED *SOME* OF
THE CHARGES AGAINST
MY CLIENT.

HOWEVER, SHE
HAS NEGLECTED
TO MENTION
ANOTHER
CHARGE FOR
WHICH MY CLIENT
IS CURRENTLY
BEING TRIED--



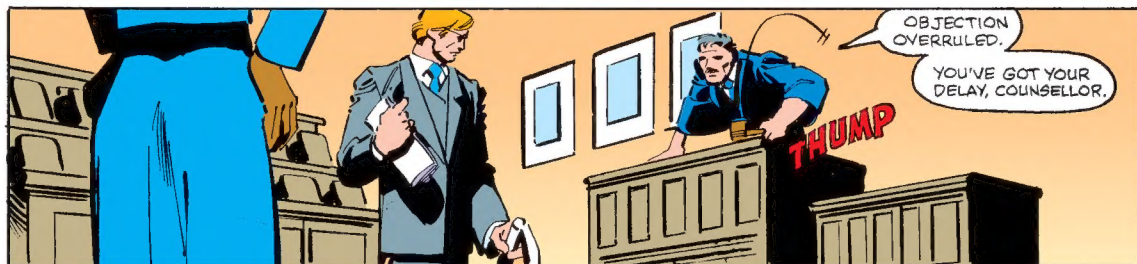
-- BY THE CITY'S
NEWSPAPERS.

ALTHOUGH HIS ARREST LAST NIGHT HAS
YET TO RESULT IN FORMAL CHARGES,
EVERY NEW YORK TABLOID CARRIES
BANNER HEADLINES SUCH AS THIS.

I SUBMIT THAT NO IMPARTIAL JURY
CAN BE CONVENED ON THE MUSEUM
CASE, UNTIL THIS NEW ACCUSATION IS
DISPATCHED.

OBJECTION,
YOUR HONOR!

MR. MURDOCK'S
THEATRICALS
CANNOT OBSCURE--



OBJECTION
OVERRULED.

YOU'VE GOT YOUR
DELAY, COUNSELLOR.

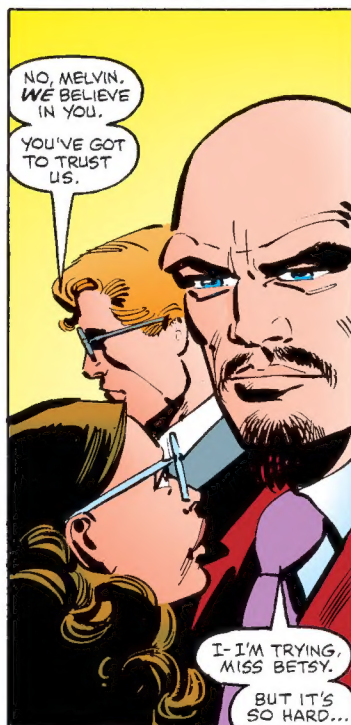


STALLING
WON'T HELP,
MURDOCK.
THIS TIME,
I'M GOING TO
BEAT YOU.

MURDOCK?

THEY ALL
THINK I'M
STILL BAD,
MISS BETSY.

IT MAKES
ME SO MAD,
I COULD...



NO, MELVIN.
WE BELIEVE
IN YOU.
YOU'VE GOT
TO TRUST
US.

I-I'M TRYING,
MISS BETSY.
BUT IT'S
SO HARD...



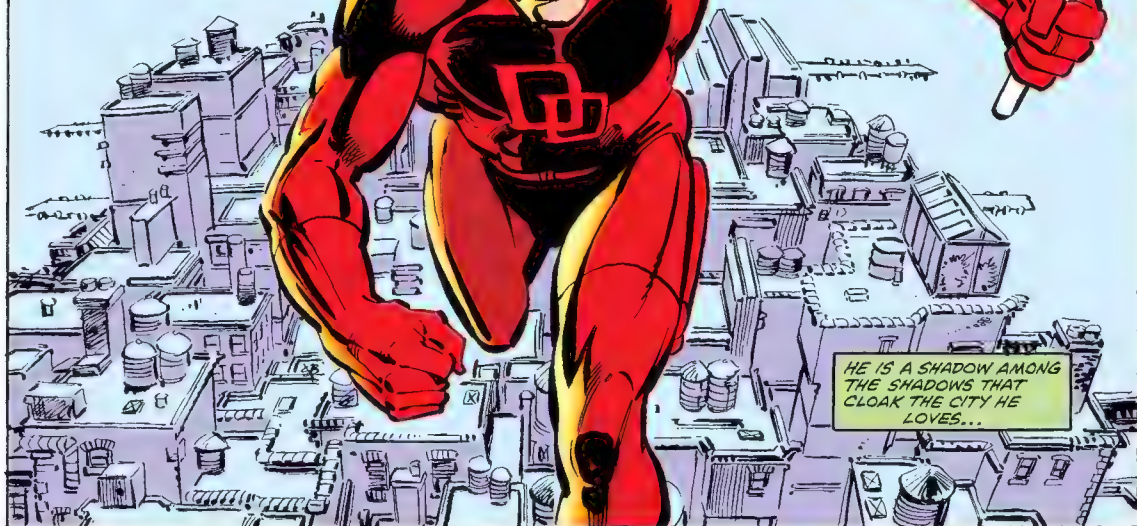
MELVIN'S ON A
SHORT FUSE. I'VE
GOT TO GET SOME-
WHERE ON THIS
CASE, AND
FAST.

WITHOUT FOGGY--
AND WITHOUT
BECKY-- MATT
MURDOCK CAN'T
FIND OUT WHAT
HE NEEDS.

BUT MAYBE--
JUST MAYBE--
SOMEBODY
ELSE CAN...

AND SO, IT ISN'T A CALM, QUIET
ATTORNEY WHO PROWLs DARKLY
ACROSS MANHATTAN'S SOOT-
COVERED ROOFTOPS.

RATHER, IT IS HIS CRIMSON-
COWLED **ALTER EGO**--
THE MAN CALLED
DAREDEVIL!



HE IS A SHADOW AMONG
THE SHADOWS THAT
CLOAK THE CITY HE
LOVES...

...HE IS A SCARLET
FURY, QUESTIONING,
PLEADING, PUMMEL-
LING EVERY TWO-BIT
INFORMANT FOR A
SINGLE CLUE THAT
WILL BRING HIM
CLOSER TO HIS PREY...



...HE IS A RELENT-
LESS WRATHFUL
DEMON THAT
HAUNTS EVERY
GARBAGE-STREWED
ALLEYWAY--EVERY
GRIMY WATERFRONT
SALOON--EVERY
PLACE SMALL AND
DARK ENOUGH TO
HIDE EVIL MEN.



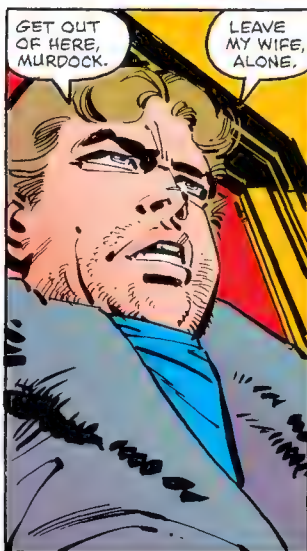
NOR DOES HE PAUSE IN HIS
TERRIBLE SCOURGE, UNTIL
NIGHT SUCCEUMS TO A GREY
AND DISMAL DAWN...

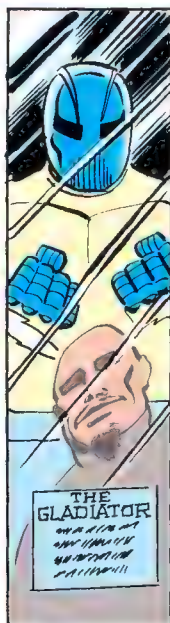
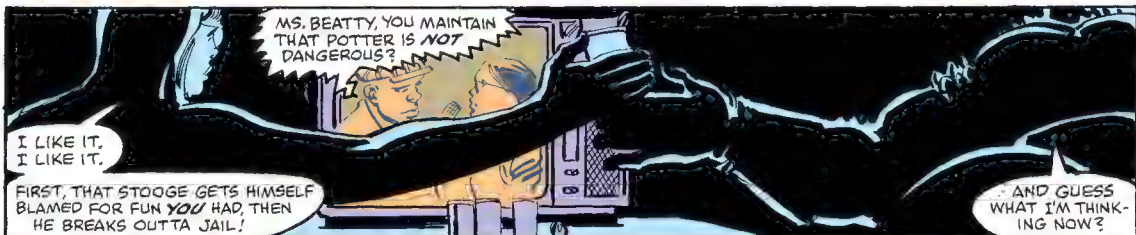
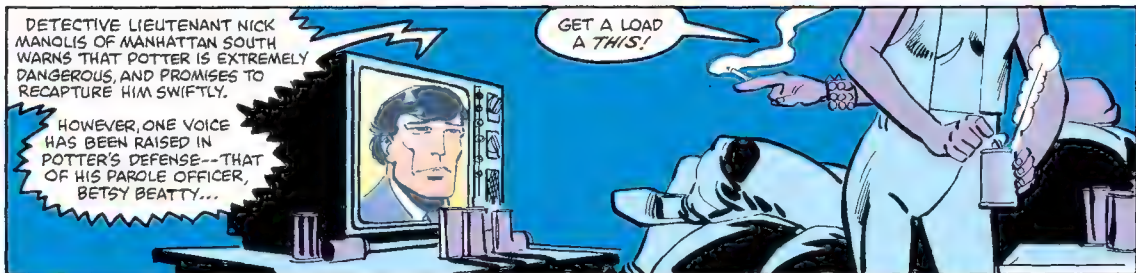


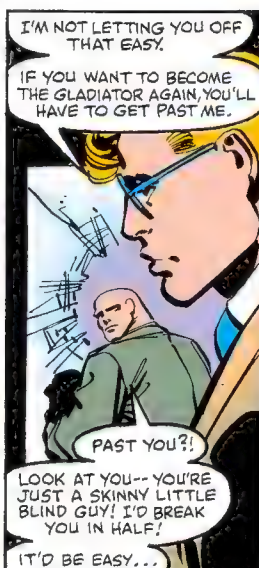
...AND RAGE
GIVES WAY TO
BLEAK DESPAIR.

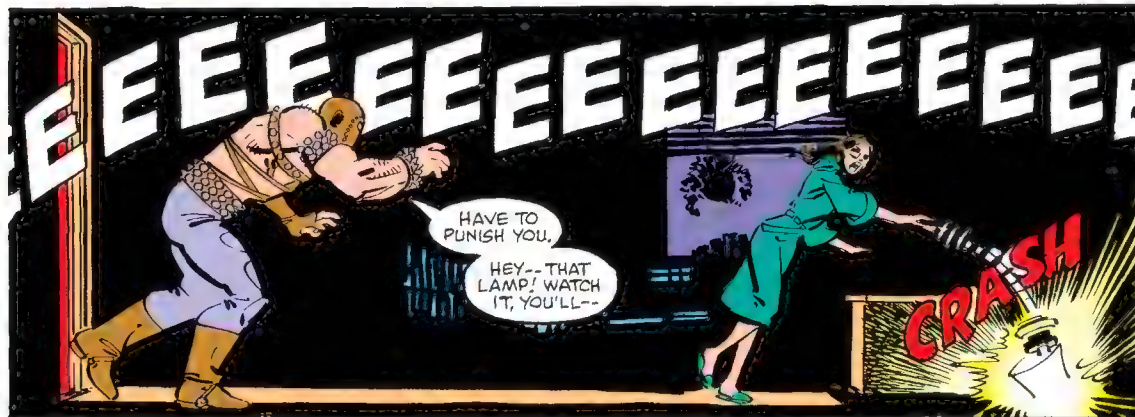
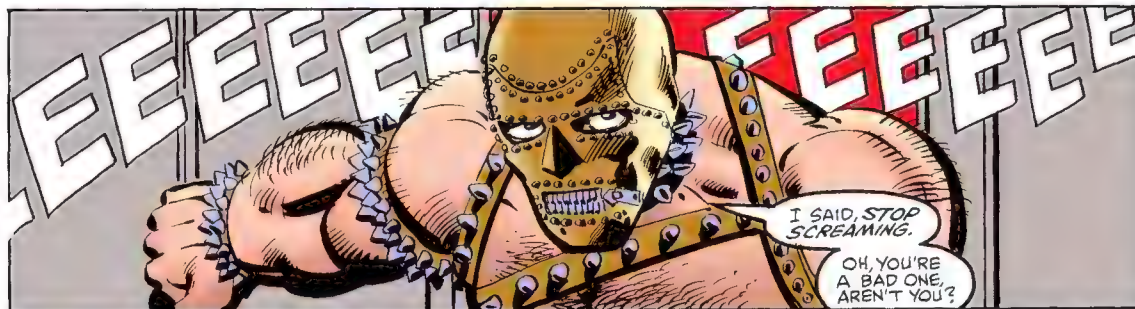
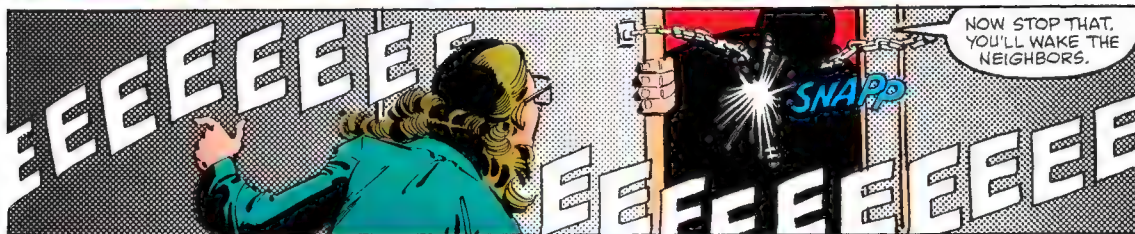
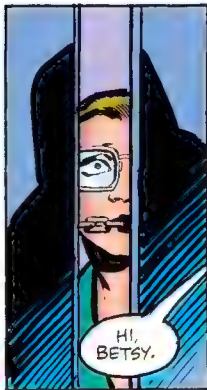
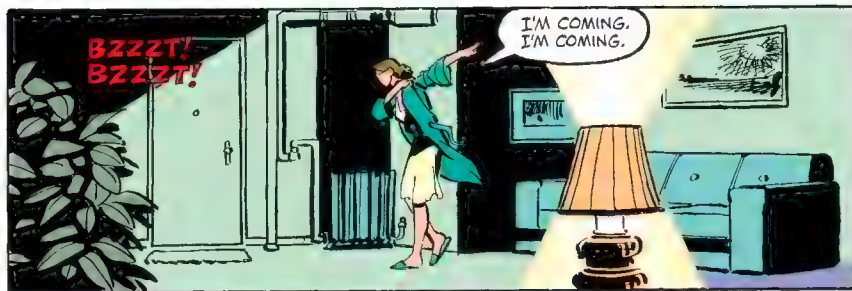
NOTHING!
NOT EVEN
A LEAD...

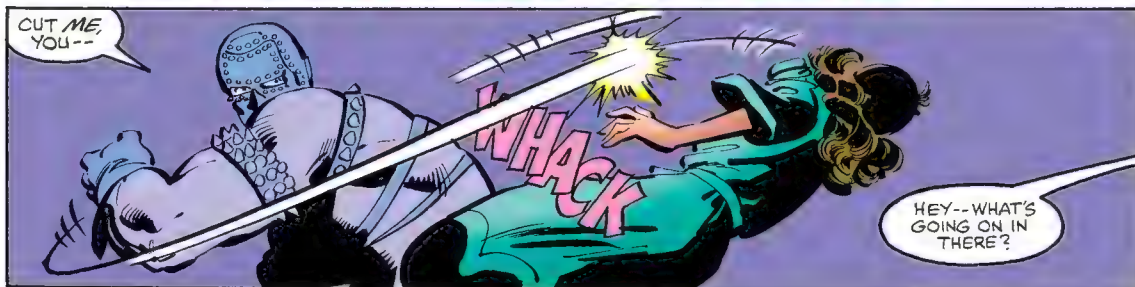


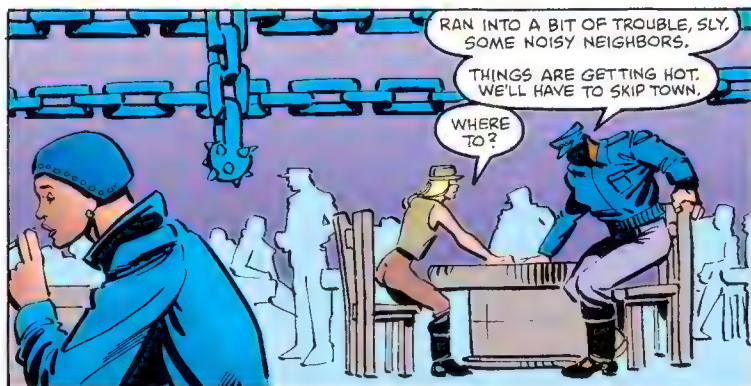
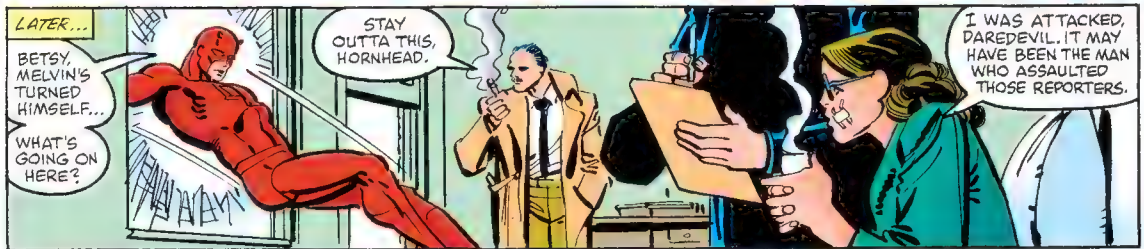
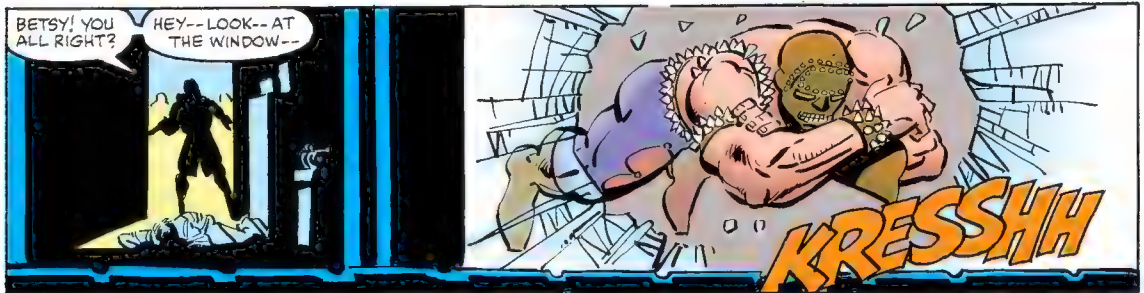
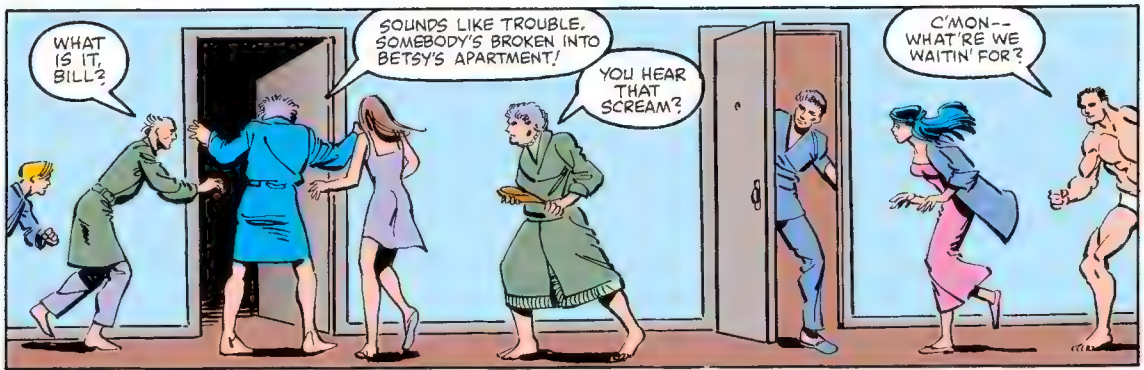


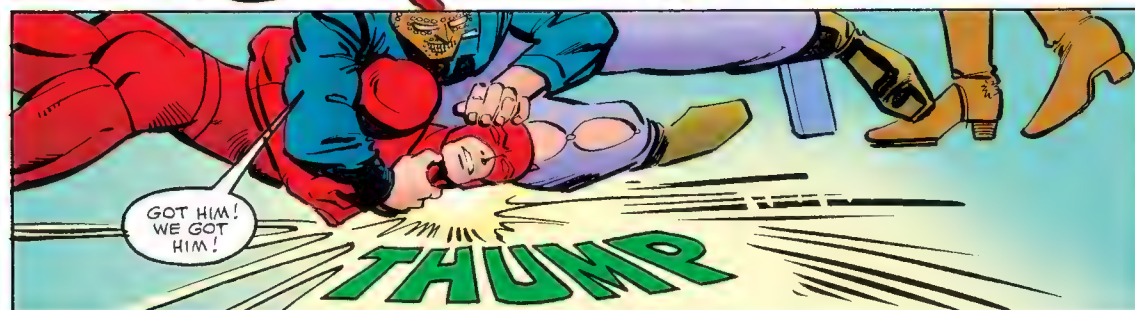
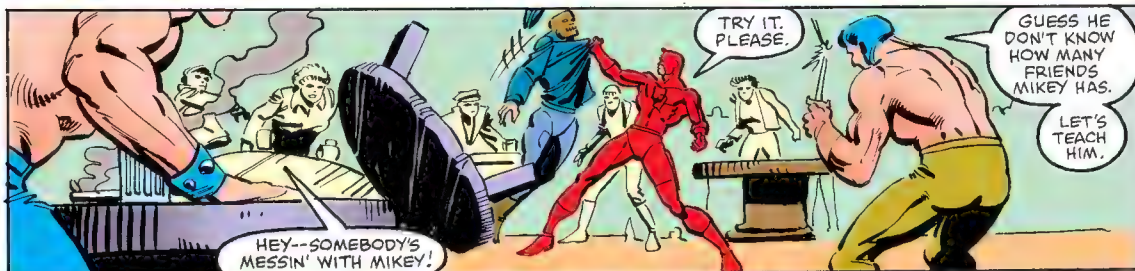


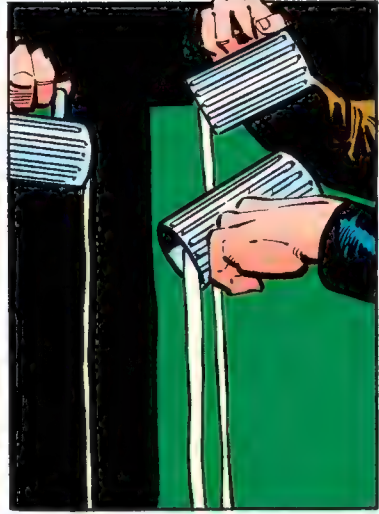
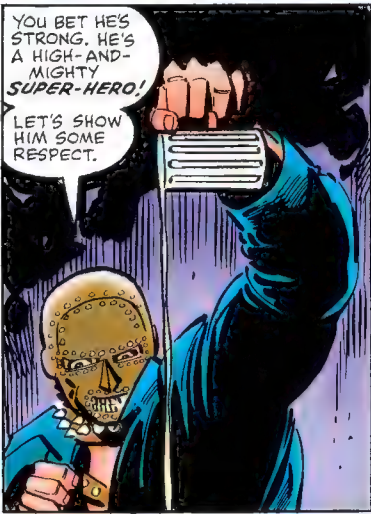
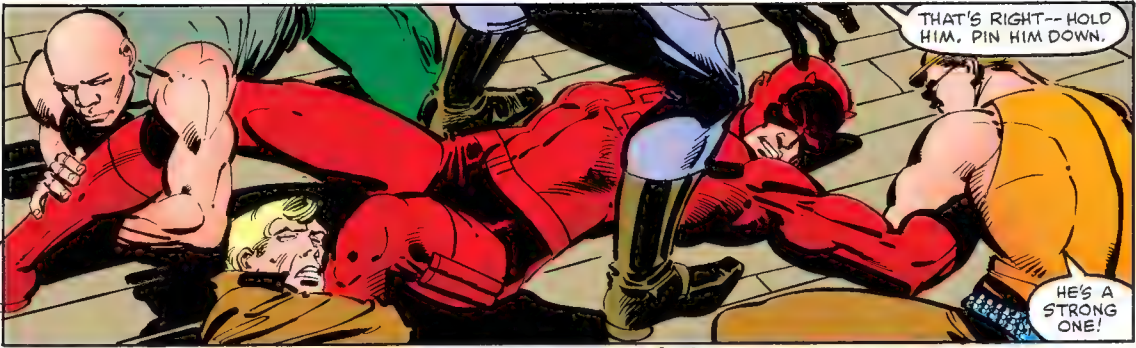




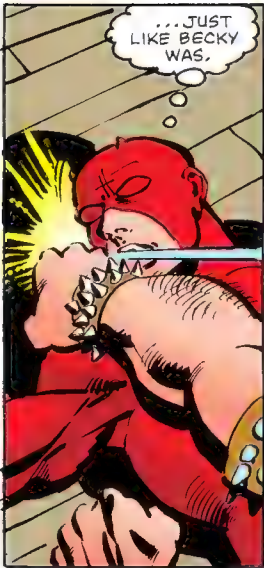
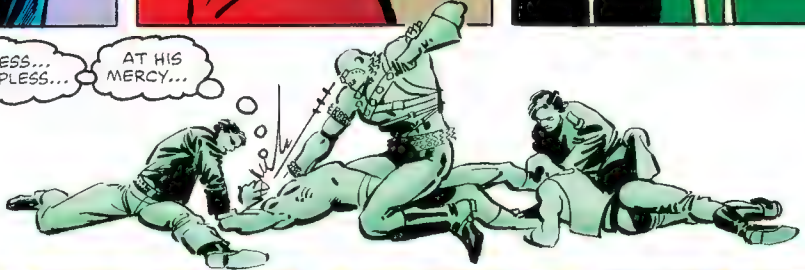


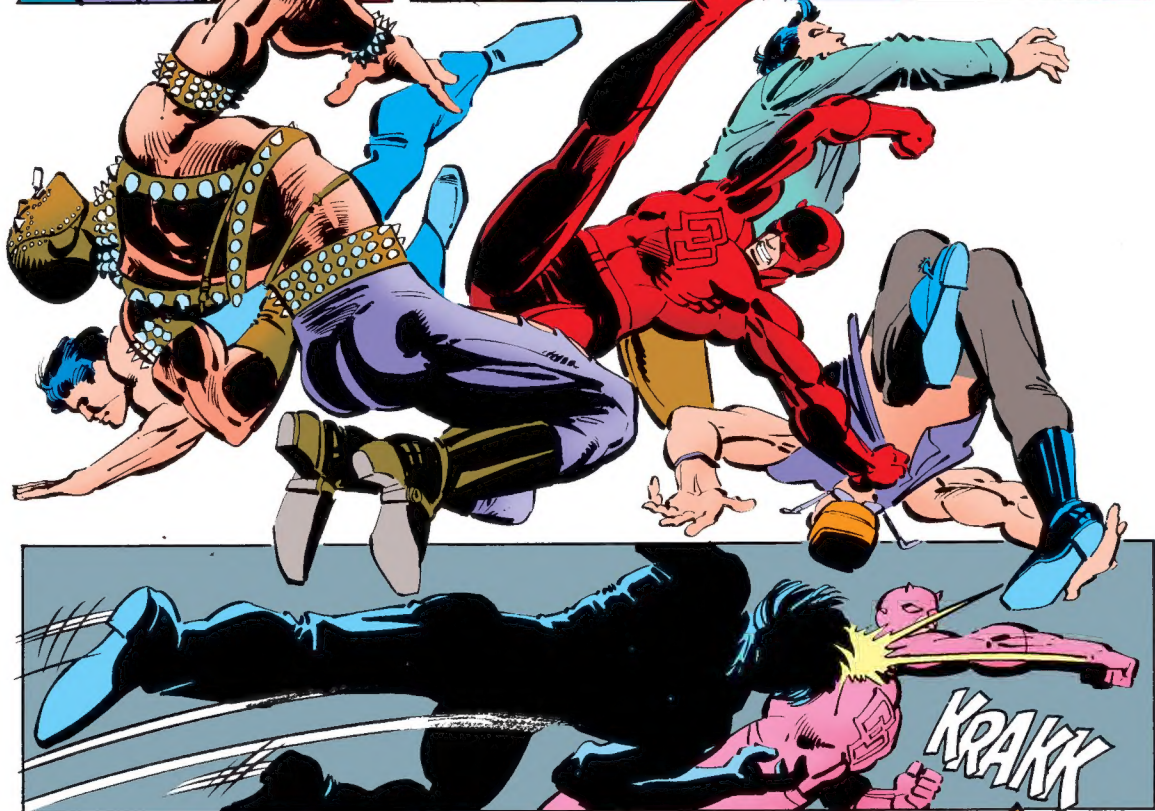
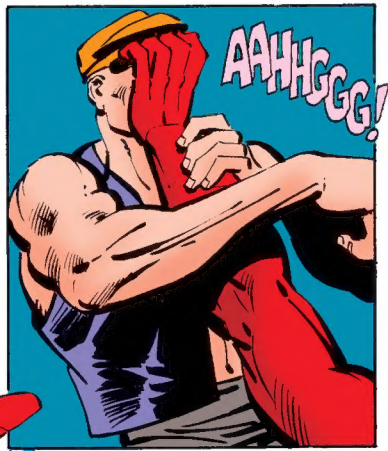
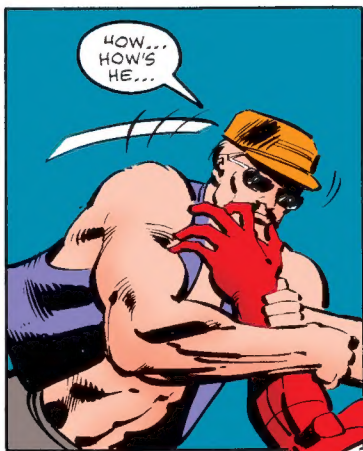


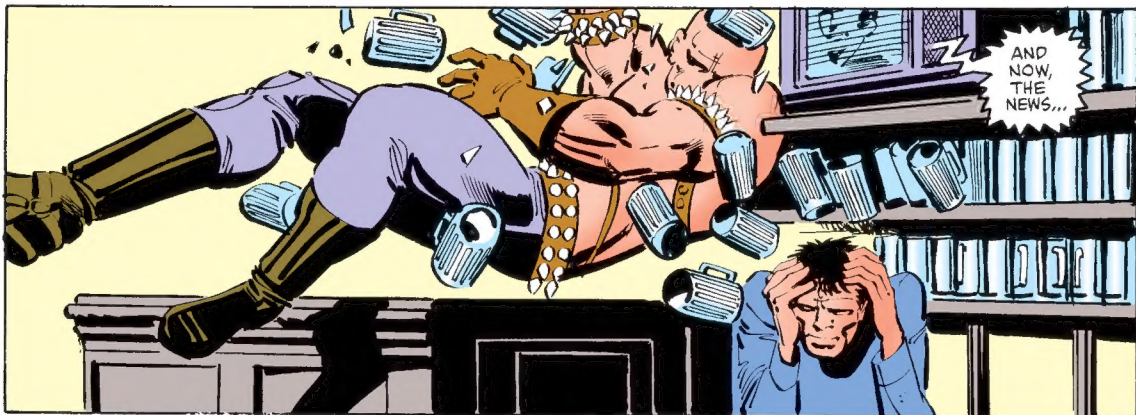
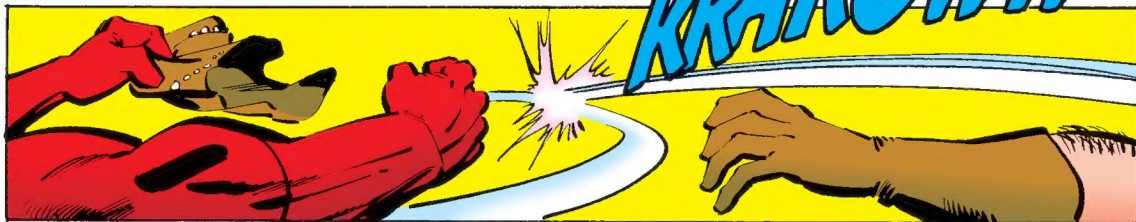
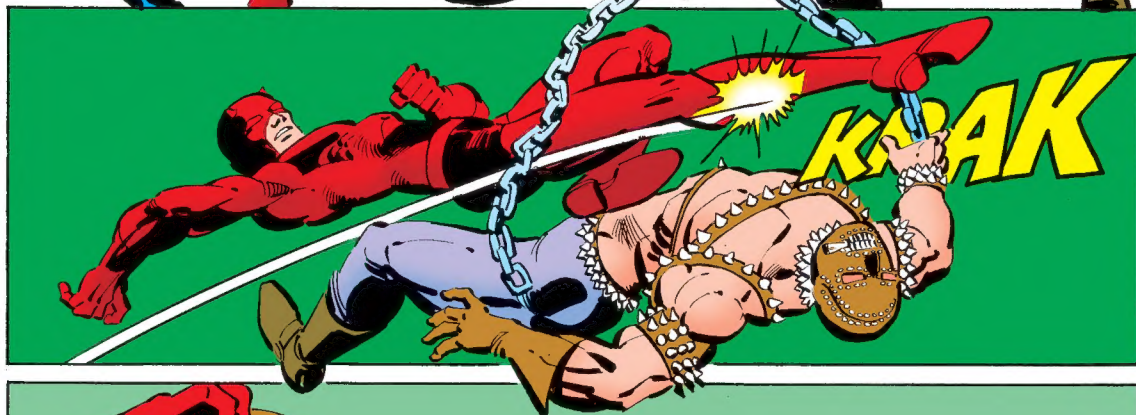


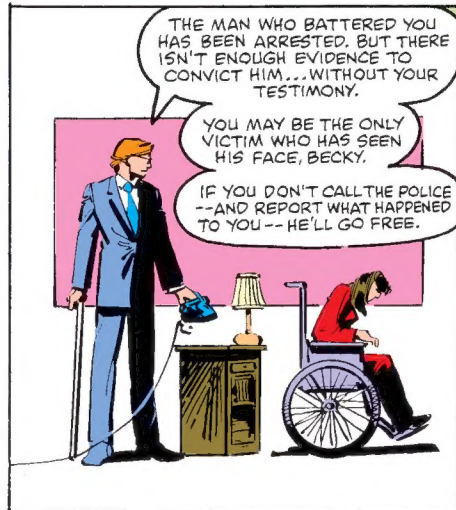
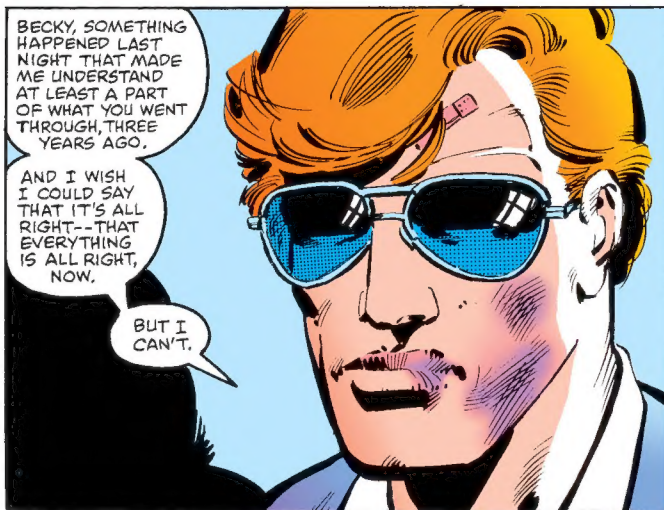
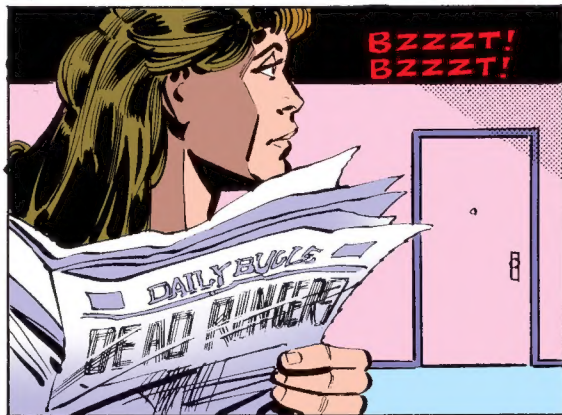
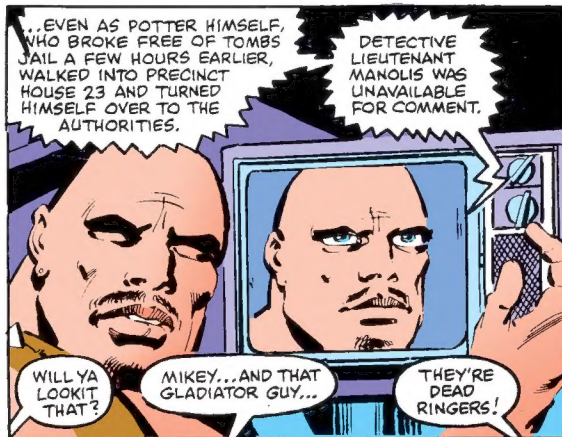
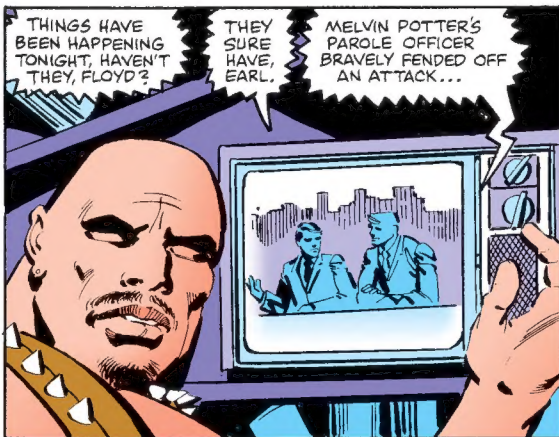


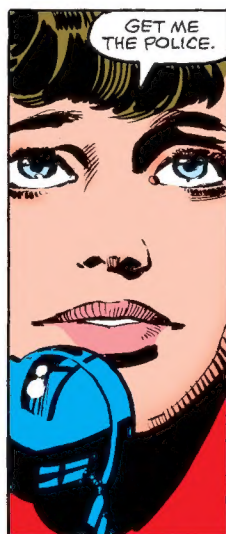
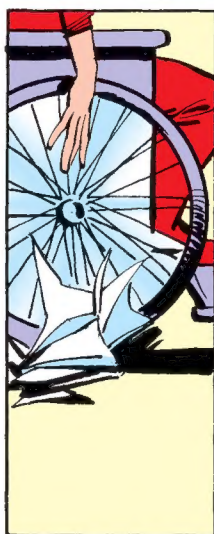
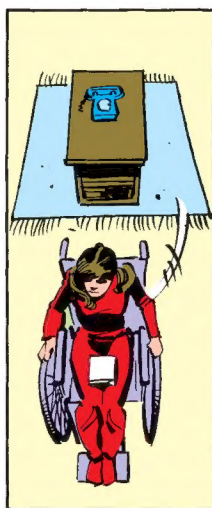
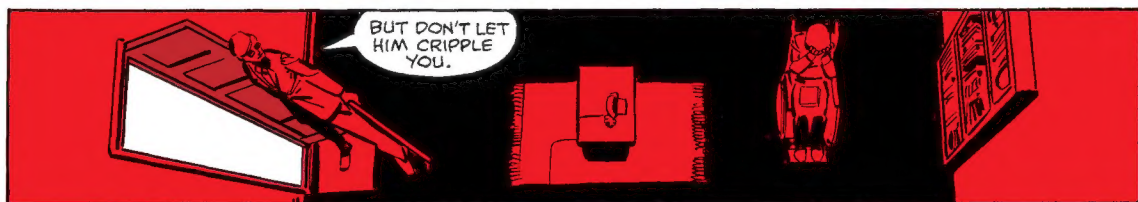
CAN'T MOVE... HELPLESS... I'M HELPLESS... AT HIS MERCY...











NEXT. ISSUE: THE RETURN OF ELEKTRA